

A Small Account of a Year's Worth of Feelings

by Phobbers

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Summary: It is the anniversary of the Battle of Hogwarts. Nationwide, people are either celebrating, mourning or hiding. However, in the WEasley family, they do a mixture of the three, grieving for Fred in their own way.

A Small Account of a Year's Worth of Feelings

It was a year after the battle of Hogwarts. Many had gone back to finish their years there, the few others had simply relocated, hoping to ignore what had happened. After all, ignorance is bliss. As it was such a momentous anniversary, everyone, everywhere had a day off to spend with their family. A day to remember those who were with us and what they had fought for, no matter which side they were on.

When the day began, people began to flock to memorials or they simply went home for the day. Those who had family in Azkaban, made themselves scarce. They locked themselves in houses or escaped to the muggle world in hopes of escaping the accusations and attacks that had followed them throughout the year. Even those who had put rivalries in the past and made friends with the other side hid, it was advised for their safety. This was how the day began, Harry had said goodbye to Draco, as he went to hide in the now abandoned Malfoy Manor, before making his way towards the Weasley family and Hermione. Although he was no longer dating Ginny, he took his place next to her and kissed her on the cheek knowing this was going to be a bad day for his adoptive family. After all, it was the one year anniversary of Fred Weasley's death.

They walked into Hogsmede together, keeping a silent vigil. The normally fun, scenic ten minute walk felt like a slow, funeral parade, just like the one the Weasley twins had sung the Hogwart's anthem to at Harry, Ron and Hermione's sorting feast. Harry felt a quick smile tug his lips remembering it, as it wasn't the first 'crazy' thing, he had heard of them doing, nor was it the last. His smile quickly turned into a grimace though as he remembered how George had been for the better part of the last year.

Although Harry was at Hogwarts, he visited George at the weekends. This was one of the occasions that he was pleased with his Slytherin tactics and his apparent Lordship. It allowed him to leave Hogwarts to 'attend to business'. He would meet up with George and Angelina, who George was somehow dating, and helped them to run Weasley Wizard Wheezes everyweekend. The first Saturday had been awful. George had merely unlocked the door in the early hours and had slouched against the door frame, unable to walk in and face the reality. Harry's self-blame kicked in as he watched his friend stand there, not knowing what to do and never being more thankful for Angelina in his life. She had stepped forwards and had coaxed him into the store as he cried on her shoulder. After that day, Harry knew what to do. Every weekend, he challenged himself to make George smile at least once and to make George eat all of his meals. His first success of these goals were three dreadful weeks after Fred's death but, the small improvements George was making back then, made all the problems he had faced more worthwhile.

Harry was broken out of these thoughts by a hand on his shoulder. He looked up to George, who had seemingly known what he had been thinking about. Over the past year, they had grown closer within the expanded family and they had helped each other when it was needed. Harry had helped George live for his twin and George had helped Harry to live without self-loathing that he had fallen into. Walking their way back over to the group, Harry was once again lost in his darkest memories.

It was late in August, Harry was now of age and living on his own in a flat that had been listed under the Potter accounts as the Marauder's Bachelor Pad. When Harry had first learnt this, as he read his accounts in George's apartment above the shop, he had laughed humourlessly. George had given him a weird look at his laugh but, before he could question it, Harry had left with a note of the Floo address and password on the table.

Later that night, George had arrived at a time Harry was not expecting. George had only just stepped out of the floo and was met with the putrid smell of alcohol. Harry was drunk and was extremely loose lipped. George sat down opposite him as he began to talk, noticing several photographs on the table from the war time generations. When the drunken Harry saw where he was looking, he began to talk and finally let someone see his pain.

He had accidentally told George everything. Everything that had happened, was happening and everything he thought was going to happen. But, he called George, Fred the whole time. After he finished his tired tirade, Harry merely whispered, "I know I might be helping George to recover but, I can't help but feel like everyone is trying to make me replace you. Maybe I should just stop." It makes me feel so itchy." George was confused at what Harry meant but let him continue, trying to grasp for more answers. What he was not expecting was Harry to start raking his nails across his wrists feverishly, drawing blood from recently healed wounds. Luckily, in George's mind, Harry collapsed after only a few seconds due to the amount of alcohol he had consumed and the accumulated blood loss. George snapped out of his shock and moved Harry into his bedroom. Along the way, he had checked his limbs to find how much the war had affected Harry's mental state.

The next morning, Harry had woken up with a strong hangover. It had taken him a while to come to his senses. He just looked at his wrist and mumbled, "What's a few more to add to the collection?", not expecting the answer to be, "Me taking you to St Mungo's." Harry's head had shot up to meet concerned brown eyes on George's face as he realised what had really happened the night before. That day was spent with both Harry and George reconciling each other and strengthening their bonds. They grew to understand each other and learnt what the other person had really needed was someone to rely on. Out of that day, they both got support and courage from each other to continue fighting.

The rest of the Weasley sons met the quintet in Hogsmede to buy the necessary amount of alcohol they would need for getting through the day. Several cases of Fire Whiskey and Butter Bear later had led to them Portkeying to the Burrow. Out of the war, the Weasley's were no longer a poor family and they could afford a bigger place however, nobody could let go of the place that Fred had grown up in, especially Percy. Percy was the boy who had loathed his brother due to some childish pranks, he was one of the people who was firm in their regret. His ambition had overtaken what had mattered most, his family. Everyone touched an area of the Portkey and, feeling the pull on the back of the navel, they landed about a kilometre away from the Burrow.

The group was a bit more animated now. They were all together, sitting around the table enjoying one of Mrs Weasley's exquisite meals. All seats were full, excluding Fred's. Nobody was aloud to sit there, ever. It just wasn't right. Just as his room hadn't been touched in either the Burrow or the apartment above the shop. Whatever was Fred's had remained untouched and fairly uncleaned, almost as if it was taboo to touch it. Really it was just denial, denial of him really being gone. It was a need for some sort of small amount of presence to be there, so he would still be there.

The next thing the grieving party did was visit his grave. They stayed there for several hours before retreating back to the house, retreating back to happier memories almost. Everyone had said their goodbyes and had made awkward reports on how their lives were going until George walked up to the grave and just broke down. It wasn't uncommon for him to cry now, it was just uncommon for it to be in public. Harry walked over and put a hand on his shoulder, knowing that that was all the comfort that he needed. After a few minutes, George dried up his tears and conjured up some self-squirting squirty flowers in front of his grave, gave a light, throaty chuckle before telling his twin what his year was like.

"It's been a while Forge, hasn't it? The next person to come to the grave will be squirted in the face with water, it will be the first prank we have pulled together in a year! I really do hope it's Minnie, could you imagine her face. The great Minerva McGonagall kneeling before your grave to pay her respects for that to happen, I couldn't imagine a better legacy! She's the head mistress at Hogwarts now and do you know which previous head master she's most friendly with? It's Snape. Turns out that what he was doing last year was actually preventing Voldemort himself coming to Hogwarts by being there and allowing the Carrow twins in but, I bet you already know thatâ€¦"

This year started off pretty slow. I couldn't really come to grips

with not seeing you again. I have to be honest, there were a couple of times where it got so bad I was thinking of ending it but, they were fleeting, I couldn't leave everyone else behind like that when I knew I had a choice. People still need me and now that you've gone, people need me more. I may be holey Fred but, I'm not a Saint. I don't think anybody would believe that, especially after we blew up a toilet and sent the seat home to mum. Did you know that she actually kept it? She hung it up on our birthday, last month. I couldn't stop laughing when I saw it, or that may have been towards the proud look mum was giving it that sent me offâ€¦

Our shop is doing fine, great evenâ€¦ Angelina's been helping out when she isn't needed at Quidditch practise and she finally agreed to be my girlfriend! She moved in with me a while ago but, don't tell mum yet! She may have a heart attackâ€¦ yep, she's faintedâ€¦ Harry's been helping out on weekends, you know the mad dash, he's also had some pretty neat ideas and he decided that he isn't going to become an auror next yearâ€¦ mum's down againâ€¦ After a few mishaps in our labs, it looks like Harry is going to do Healer training alongside Pomfrey at Hogwarts whilst, being a part-time Defence teacher and helping at the shop. Other words, he's continuing to be Mr Indecisive. Even though we've been through all the stock several times, I couldn't sell the last batch of Ton Tongue Toffees you made, instead, they are on our mantle piece, sitting there in all their glory.

We all got Order of Merlin's for our participation in the war effort and you've been made a national hero both in the pranking world and in terms of the war. We've been in several books but none of the accounts are completely true so, Hermione being Hermione, is writing her own book about our journey's and contributions. To go with it, I offered to put a timeline off all our pranks but apparently, the publisher's don't want that in the book. So I made one and put it in our shop but, I got Hermione to write it up in a sort of history book way while I wrote down how to do the jokes and Harry made them sound safer for all the 'concerned pranksters'.

There is so much more I could tell you but, I feel like you already know and are probably shouting at us for mourning for so longâ€¦ You would also probably be laughing at me for having a go at that poor blokeâ€¦ The one that met me a month after your funeral with the film Drop Dead Fred I honestly had no idea what it was, I'm just thankful that it was a Saturday and that Harry could explain everything, after Stupefying me of courseâ€¦ I've got to go, before I say anything else because Mum looks like she is going to hex both me and Harryâ€¦ also there are more people turning up. They're still mobbing us to both congratulate and to try and commiserate with usâ€¦ See you soonâ€¦ metaphoricallyâ€¦"

George walked over to his family, ready to leave. He was soon in a bone crushing hug from his mother and they left, just as quietly as they had arrived. The Weasley's and Hermione went home to calm down and yell at each other for a while. Whilst they were doing this, Harry visited the graves of everyone who had died in the war to leave a D.A. coin with them, something more people should know about and congratulate them for. He spent an extremely long time at Severus Snape's, Dobby's and Sirius Black's, even though the last two did not die on the day of the battle, as he knew not many people would bother to visit them, let alone know that they had died. It was both heart breaking and hilarious to see the 'Sirius Black: still missing'.

At each, Harry said a few words from everyone and left a bouquet at each. For Snape, he left a simple bouquet of Lilies, now knowing how important his mother truly was to the man and the significance of such a gesture. After seeing the memories, Harry went through his memories to the first potions lesson he had and deciphered the message the man had really given him before, belittling him because of his ignorance. For Dobby, he left a collection of flowers he had picked by hand, in the sock from the pair which he had freed Dobby with in his second year. That was one good thing about the way he had lived with the Dursley's, he never threw anything out that could hold any importance. At his godfather's grave, he left a gawdy, rainbow coloured arrangement of flowers that spelt out 'Mischief Managed'. Before leaving, he saw the 'Stubby Boardman forever' bouquet that was tucked behind the grave. Harry gave a small smile to Luna's thoughtfulness and ability to know what was going on with absolutely no information and just simply, apparated away. Harry couldn't bring himself to go to Remus and Tonks Lupin's grave as their family was there today and he would feel like he was intruding, even if Harry was Teddy's godfather and they spent near to every holiday together.

Harry arrived at the Burrow barely over an hour after the others had. By now morale was seemingly up and, seeing that Harry was back, the more dire mourning could be postponed. Several weeks before this day, they had decided to celebrate Fred in the proper prankster's manner. The proper manner being a prank war of course! Any other person visiting may believe this to be extremely inappropriate for the anniversary but, for people who knew the Weasley's closely, this was indeed the correct manner. They quickly formed teams and went outside to begin the war.

In the end, they decided to partner up. It ended up being Harry and George versus Hermione and Ron versus Bill and Charlie versus Ginny and Percy. The pranking war they had was spectacular though Hermione and Ron were very much on defence. Everyone had expected Harry and Fred to win, which they had spectacularly, however, nobody expected Ginny and Percy to give them a run in for their money by throwing water balloons at them which were full of colour changing potions, treacle and feathers. All hit and by the end, they were extremely impressed with the valiant efforts of the two. However, the spectacular finale from George and Harry was what won the competition without a doubt. While George had been on the offensive, Harry had slipped on his invisibility cloak and had stolen some pies from the kitchen. He then returned to their dug out and they charmed the pies to appear and explode next to each of the pairs. Said pies exploding into spells that looked like little dragons, miniatures of the one that had swallowed Umbridge. But, the best part was what the dragons did when it came into contact with you. If it hit you, you would start twirling like a ballerina and singing the most cringe worthy song you could think of. This all worked supremely but no one expected it to escalate to the point of Percy spinning around, singing, "My milkshake brings all the boys to the yard..." At that point, it was too much and the other twos surrendered due to their inability to breathe due to how hard they were laughing.

Nobody knew just how long they had actually stayed out there but after, all the effects had finally ran off from the prank war, they were called in for dinner. Walking through the door, all throwing innocent looks towards Mrs Weasley's questioning gaze, they sat down

and ate a three course meal. In which they dined to their heart's content but, they also had to confess all of their sins to the formidable woman. This was only after she had done prior incantatum on their wands as she wanted to know who had charmed them to be that way due to an incident with their neighbour's cat that was currently dancing outside of the window giving of a cacophony of tone-dead meows.

They dragged the meal on for a long time, they had planned earlier to set up a bonfire and share their memories of Fred together around it, with both alcohol and Mr and Mrs Weasley as even though they got enough letters home about their son's exploits, they wanted to know more about them and how they actually were from the point of view of a real person not a standard letter, which just seemed to be sent out every week to them. Though, they only really discovered this after one got sent home the year after they had left Hogwarts, saying that they had done some sort of prank and were getting in trouble for itâ€¦ the absolute normâ€¦ It was only the howler they received in return from Mrs Weasley that alerted the Hogwart's administrative team that they were found out.

In the end, they could no longer draw out the meal any longer. They'd even cleared the table the muggle way to try and escape the melancholy that was about to submerge them. They left the kitchen in single file, walking to the edge of their fields before setting up a wizard's tent and the proper campfire setting. Once they had got the fire going, they sat in silence for what seemed to be eons before George gathered up the remaining Gryffindor courage and began.

"Well, we can't drag this out any longer can we?"

After several 'No's' rang through out the air, George decided to begin with their childhood.

"In our childhood, me and Freddie were the picture of innocence. Sure we could never be the rule abider like Percy but, we played more low key pranks. Even though none of you believed it, we could have been much worse,"

"Oh, I knew that, I am your mother after allâ€¦ You took after my brother's for sure. Pranks and faked innocence. I absolutely adored it, when I didn't have to do damage control..."

"We could have been much worse then even you imagined mum. You know when we charmed our bedroom door to douse the next person who entered it with water?"

"Yes..."

"We were planning to use chicken feces but, Fred thought logically about the smell and just wanted to deter people from coming into our room while I just thought, are we really going to do that? It was an interesting project but we knew that neither of us could go through with it also, we didn't know if it went properly with the product we had created at school..."

"You two created that? You were eleven! That was after the first term! Now do you know why I was disheartened with your OWL grades!"

"We knew that mum, that's why we retook our OWL's. Also, not many people were going to take us seriously in the business industry without higher OWLs..."

"Why didn't you two tell me? We could of celebrated!"

"We had already celebrated our other results! Don't worry though, we created a prank to celebrate it."

"Which oneâ€¦ Was it the singing toilet seats? The ones which sang 'Don't stop me now'?"

"Yep, you've really got to thank Harry and Hermione for introducing us to Queen."

"I really doâ€¦ I must say the fire call from Minerva over that one was extremely amusingâ€¦ I didn't know what she was saying so she made someone sing it into to me over the Floo."

"That was Fred. We were still in her office. When she called one of us over, I pushed Fred. I was too busy laughing in the background."

"I did hear that, I didn't know it was you two though, I couldn't see your faces."

"You thought who ever was made to do that was going to show their faces."

"I suppose not..."

The laughter descended into silence again until Hermione grew curious.

"What was your sorting like?"

Bill, Charlie and Percy groaned as if reliving a painful memory. Though these groans were overshadowed by George's laughter. Seeing that nobody was going to satisfy Hermione's question, Bill told them what happened whilst, keeping the mortified look upon his face.

"The two idiots managed to get the sorting hat to play a joke with them. They must of planned it on the train as we were all expecting either a quick sort into Gryffindor or a near to quick sort into Ravenclaw, if you grew up with them you'd know why. Though, together, they managed to have their sorting last over five minutes each, scarring us out of our wits as if they went to Slytherin, who knows what kind of tricks they would come up with. In the end, the hat said the most horrifying thing. Fred, being first, managed to convince the sorting hat to say, "ennie meanie miney mo, catch a snake by the fang, if it bites, let it go, ennie meanie miney Slytherin's rival's GRYFFINDOR." I think Percy banged his head against the table while me and Charlie just face palmed then grimaced as George was up next. George convinced the hat to stop being impartial and declare, "Gryffindor's are red, Ravenclaw's are blue, Hufflepuff's are yellow and Slytherin's are fermented poo. This one's a red head so Gryffindor is for he." It was much worse than Fred's and got us several new enemies that day. Those two, not knowing what they had just accomplished, sat down at the table and high fived each

other."

"THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED AT YOUR SORTING? PERCY SAID YOU CAUSED A SCENE BUT YOU AND FRED JUST WROTE HOME SAYING, "MUM, PERCY'S BEING OVER DRAMATIC WITH HOW WE SUNG THE SCHOOL ANTHEM." I TOLD HIM OFF AND EVERYTHING! GEORGE!"

"Well it wasn't like we were going to tell the truth and get a howler sent to us in our first week! Come on we may have been in Gryffindor but, the hat did congratulate us on our sneakiness. Said we might of done well in Slytherin if it wasn't for our fool-hardy ways and current 'status' in their minds."

"You were nearly in Slytherin? Can't say I'm really surprised with some of the things that you pulled over the yearsâ€¦ I've never been more thankful to that hat in my lifeâ€¦ If you'd been in the snake pit during his riseâ€¦ I'M STILL NOT HAPPY ABOUT THAT GEORGE WEASLEY, YOU HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO."

When her mood flips that quickly, George knew that it was time to dob someone else into it. What a good time to reveal what Harry told him the other day and foolishly didn't ask him to keep secret. Oh well, this is pay back for not telling him that his father and his friends were The Marauder's.

"We just did what Harry did but to a more epic degree."

"What did Harry do?"

"GEORGE! Don't pull me into this!"

"Harry, dear, would you like to explain what George means?"

"I..."

"Don't worry Harry, I've got this!"

"Geor-"

"Harry persuaded the hat through solid reasoning and a little bit of begging to put him in Gryffindor rather than Slytherin. We just persuaded the hat to be a little more dramatic as anyone can tell from the Sorting Hat's song that he has a flair for dramatics."

"George Weasley, that was very smart of you two but care to explain your first statement. Harry could of never of been in Slytherin."

"Ummâ€¦ actuallyâ€¦ I should have been in Slytherinâ€¦ I begged the hat to put me into Gryffindor as I didn't want to be in the same house as Draco as he acted like my whale of a cousin so, I kinda changed how I would normally act to be the perfect Gryffindor boyâ€¦ Plus, my 'people-saving' thing only really developed once I had people I cared aboutâ€¦ soâ€¦ ya know..."

"Ohâ€¦ Sorry George-"

"GEORGE! I ASKED THAT YOU WOULD AT LEAST LET ME BE DRUNK WHEN YOU

SPILLED THAT FACT!"

"Well, you didn't tell me that your father was one of the Maruader's so I kinda forgot that part!"

"Forgot my ars-"

"LANGUAGE!"

"Sorry Mrs Weasleyâ€¦ Would you like to know how they sung the anthem at our sorting? They sung it to a funeral march. Dumbledore conducted their singing a good minute after everyone else had finished before they took mini-bows at our table. It was hilarious!"

The attention now turned back on funnier things, more importantly away from Harry, they began to delve more into what Hogwarts had been like for the twins and how their childhood had been. Hermione and Harry were amazed at what the wizarding childhood was like. It was extremely funny when the twins had somehow got a gold of their mother's wand when they were children and started to wave it around causing things to either spontaneously combust or follow people around the room, hitting them on the head repeatedly. The best part was that it only happened when Mrs Weasley wasn't in the room so, she never suspected her two toddlers. She had only realised when Mr Weasley had come home with a note from work about underage magic being performed in the house. They had then found out it was the twins what they didn't know was that the twins' accidental magic had made it continue to happen! All the instances were like these and they were the reason that the whole household had to get holsters for their wands. This brought Harry back to first year, remembering what the twins had done to Professor Quirrel or better yet, Voldemort.

"Merlin! Ron do you remember what Fred and George did to Professor Quirrel on Christmas day in first year?"

"Oh myy Gooooood! It was so fun knee! Harrrr you tell it! I'm too drunk..."

"Such a light weightâ€¦ Anywayâ€¦ Fred and George made several snowballs and charmed them to follow Professor Quirrel around all day, hitting him in the back of his head where he had a turban on. I know it doesn't sound like much compared to their other pranks! But it was hilarious! It soaked his turban and pieces of his turban fell down making him look like Snape's long lost sister. George do you know what the best part of that prank was?"

"I'm going to go with no. Enlighten me young one, what was the best part?"

"What was under his turban?"

"His bald, shiny head."

"Wrong."

"What do you mean, 'wrong'?"

"This is going to sound like a downer until I finishâ€¦ Right, Voldemort was possessing Quirrel, he didn't just up and leave at the

end of the school year like Dumbledore told everyone. Anyway, as he was being possessed, Voldemort wanted a way to talk and control him but, not openly. So he formed his face on the back of Quirrel's head and was feeding him instructions but, he was also the eyes in the back of his head. So, being on the BACK OF HIS HEAD, all of your charmed snowballs were hitting Voldemort in the face, RIGHT IN THE FACE!"

"We were hitting Voldemort, the Dark Lord, he who must not be named in the money maker with charmed snowballs for the whole day?"

"Yep! And neither of them could do anything about it!"

"So everything we did in our third year towards that blasted turban was actually to Voldemort's faceâ€| no wonder he didn't have a nose after his rebirthing thingy!"

Their courtyard descended into chaos after they realised just what Fred and George had done. They had charmed snowballs to hit Voldemort in the face repeatedly for a whole day. Admittedly they hadn't known that were doing that but, Molly and Arthur Weasley's were never more proud and horrified of the twins' tricks than they were in that moment. While they were on the topic of teachers, Arthur had to ask about one of his horrible colleagues.

"George? What did you and Fred do the Delores Umbridge? She hated children before she went to Hogwarts but after, she was almost scarred of them."

"Oh we weren't the ones that got rid of her, you have Harry and Hermione to thank for that. Though we did make her life a living hell even though it meant we had to use the blood quill."

"Blood quill?"

"She used a blood quill on us if we 'misbehaved'. Not many of us had lasting effects but, if we did, we put up charms so that people would never see them."

"If she wasn't already in Azkaban-"

"I know dad but, Harry and Hermione somehow got the centaurs to take Umbridge away. It helped that she was trying to injure two younglings and was verbally abusing Hagrid's giant brotherâ€| But the centuars did want a fertile woman and who better than Delores Jane Umbridge, hater of creatures?"

"That is absolutely perfect for that wench! So what was the best prank you pulled on her?"

"It has got to be when we disrupted one of her fifth year 'lessons', it was summer term I believe..."

"You were the course of th-"

"No need to go into details, we just needed to test our fireworks out. Also, her decrees said nothing about testing extra-curricular projects out in the classroom or about flying brooms in the hallway. After all, we couldn't see all the decrees so we needed a new perspective..."

"George, what exactly did you two do?"

"We flew into the room after exploding several fireworks against the door until it opened, we then flew into the rafters throwing several fireworks down, burning up all the papers and quills. We then used our best creation yet. We used a giant firework that exploded into a giant dragon that chased Umbridge into the hallway, once it finally ate her outside of the door, it exploded and destroyed all of her ridiculous decrees."

"Molly pass me the Fire Whiskey, I need to toast our son but also, drink enough that they can't use it as evidence."

"Does that work?"

"Drinking so much that they think the memory is false as you are intoxicated?"

"George don-"

"Mom, fire whiskey if you please."

"What have you done?"

"Nothing yet."

"Thanks for that reassurance George."

"Don't worry I'll take Harry with me."

"That's not what I meant."

"I know!"

They continued like this well into the morning, in the end they decided to just move into the tent and not sleep. The conversations were rich with laughter and intelligence, something that Molly and Arthur Weasley were happy to see. They knew that Fred was both funny and intelligent but, they didn't get to witness it as their children did. Thanking them all, they continued talking and laughing way into the night. They were so loud that their neighbour's tried to complain but, after seeing what family it was, they knew that this was needed for all of them to heal and move on with their lives.

The next day, everyone had to return back to their normal routines. Harry, Ron, Hermione and Ginny went back to school. Percy, Bill, Charlie, George and Arthur went out to their jobs and Molly sat at home, happy that she was still learning new things about her son, feeling more connected. After moments of blissful thinking, she went up to Fred and George's room and opened the door. She was doused in cold water the moment she stepped in. Seeing how stagnant it was, the twins must have done this the last time they were here together as she was the first one to actually step through the doorway in over a year. Sure, you could apparate in, that was the safest thing and what George had obviously done. Instead of being peeved, Molly just started laughing and crying at the same time, a sight that would scare any of her boys, and just said, "You had to get me one last time, didn't you."

In the after life, Fred Weasley was looking down on his family. He was shocked at some of the things that they had all noticed about him and what George had actually owned up to on his behalf. Watching his mum getting doused in the water, George involuntarily flinched and then began to tear up, he whispered, "Of course I did mum..." He turned away, letting out shallow giggles. As he was leaving, he heard his brother yell, "Shit." as the alarm had gone off. Then, after a quick barricading of the floo, his brother began to laugh. It died out when Fred saw Angelina walk into the room, knowing that he couldn't explain it to her. When Fred had nearly left the veiwing pools, he heard George whisper, "I miss you Freddie..." to which he automatically replied with, "I knowâ€¦ I miss you too Georgie." What neither of them expected was for George to finally hear Fred's reply.

End
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